

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1795.

NUMB. 390.

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THE ORPHAN:

OR, THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

A MORAL TALE.

"Ye good distress'd!

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand,
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded views, which only saw
A little part deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all!"

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

AT an early hour in a summer's morning, while yet the sons of labor their drowsy pillows pressed, before even the soaring lark to heaven's high gate had winged her vocal flight, with a heavy heart, and eyes brimful of tears, Melville, an orphan, poor, and friendless, bade adieu to the place that gave him birth; uncertain if he should ever again behold those rural scenes in which he had passed the tranquil morn of infancy. Musing on the occurrences of his past life, and contemplating the misfortunes of his family, his feet instinctively led him to the church-yard, the hallowed receptacle of the village-train, where slept in peace the authors of his being, released from the persecutions of unfeeling Wealth, and secure from the iron rod of Power. Leaning on the tomb-stone of his departed parents, he indulged the pious grief that swelled his anxious breast; and, having breathed a devout petition to Him who is the guardian of innocence, with step reluctant, and oft reverted eye, he pursued his sorrowing way.

At the extremity of the village stood the ruins of a priory, which a pious inhabitant of the place had converted into a school, and endowed it with a revenue sufficient for the support of a master and twenty scholars. On this foundation Melville was placed; and here he had received his education. His improvement in the various branches of literature had endeared him to his master, and his meek and humble manners gained him the affection and esteem of the whole village. When he reached this "ivy mantled" structure, he checked his steps, and called to mind the many happy hours he had passed within its mouldering walls. Having, the preceding evening, taken leave of its worthy inhabitants, he but indulged a momentary gaze, and was hastening from the spot, when a female voice arrested his steps; and, on turning round, he saw the fair Eliza, the only child of his worthy tutor, the venerable Oswald, at her window. She hastily threw down a handkerchief, murmured something indistinctly, then closed the lattice, and disappeared. Melville advanced; and on examining the pocket of his young friend, found within the handkerchief a folded paper, which contained a crown piece, and these remarkable words delivered by the love-stricken ROSALIND, to the victorious ORLANDO—"Accept this from one out of love with fortune; who would give more, but that her hand lacks means."

"Accept it!" exclaimed Melville, pressing the present to his lips; "aye, thou lovely maid, and dearer will I prize it than life itself. This mark of tenderness is certainly a happy omen of future bliss! But soft," cried he, interrupting himself; "let me not indulge too far the faithless visions of delight. Is not the state of friendless poverty sufficiently wretched, without heightening its distress by the pangs of hopeless love?" Thus, checking the wild transports of imagination, he placed the paper, with its contents, in his pocket book; and, thrusting the handkerchief into his bosom, pursued his journey to the metropolis, where he arrived on the evening of the third day from that on which he bade adieu to the place of his nativity.

A recommendatory letter from Mr. Oswald, to a friend resident in the city, obtained our young adventurer a favorable reception; and, through the medium of this gentleman's interest, he found himself in a short time seated in the counting-house of Mr. Dalton, a merchant of the first eminence. By his steady attention to the interest of his employer, and by the courtesy of his manners, Melville gained that regard and affection from the whole family, which modest merit so well deserves; but which, from the depravity of some, and the pride and envy of others, it seldom attains. In this situation several months rolled on, in one continued series of uninterrupted happiness, which the correspondence of the good old Oswald considerably improved. But, alas! how frail is human bliss!

"Swift flies the sunny morn, that gilds the spring,
Short is the show'r, which bathes the summer day;
But swifter still gay Pleasure's transient wing,
With fleetest haste Contentment glides away!"

Mr. Dalton in the choice of his wife, anxious, perhaps, for the improvement of his worldly estate, and too regardless of those qualifications by which the marriage-state is rendered happy, had selected a woman, whose only recommendations were wealth and beauty.

The person of Melville was elegant; his features, though not strongly allied to beauty, were manly and expressive; and his whole deportment such as might well command attention. For him the depraved bosom of Mrs. Dalton nourished a guilty passion; and too soon the unsuspecting youth was made sensible of her criminal partiality. Fully convinced of her designs, and abhorring the indelicacy of her behaviour, after seriously addressing her on the certain consequences of matrimonial infidelity, and exhorting her to a timely contrition, and an amended life, he abruptly quitted a situation of such imminent danger.

The wishes of Melville, however, for the reformation of this vice-devoted woman, proved wholly fruitless; she pursued her criminal amors, till dejection ensued, and the injured husband, by the salutary laws of his country, removed from his bosom the ungrateful object of his regard.

The absence of Melville was long and severely lamented by Mr. Dalton, who entertained for him the fondness of a parent; and intended, after a few years service, to have rewarded his in-

tegrity and worth, by presenting him with share of his business. The cause of his sudden flight he was unable to trace, as well as the place to which had directed his steps. Melville, on the other hand, equally pained at quitting the service of Mr. Dalton, passed several weeks in a tedious exile. He had taken lodgings in a remote part of the town, and seldom visited those streets where he was likely to meet his worthy master. Tired, at length, with a life of idleness, and fired with ambition, he entered into the service of the East-India Company, in the degree of cadet; and bade adieu to the shores of Old England.

This circumstance, as well as every other which had occurred to him since quitting his native abode, save the fatal cause that drove him from the friendly roof of the hospitable Dalton, he had communicated to his friend Oswald; who sincerely regretted the step he had taken, in deserting his own country, to explore the regions of the Eastern world; his return from whence the declining age of the venerable tutor indicated he should not live to welcome. The fair Eliza, too, was pained at this intelligence; she cherished for Melville a fond regard, and had flattered herself that her affections were returned. Nor was she deceived in this belief. Melville loved the beautiful maid; but his humble state, his diffidence, and his modesty, had confined the secret of his attachment to his own bosom.

Six years had now elapsed, since Melville retired from the service of Mr. Dalton, and no intelligence had reached his village friends; except a report, which was rumoured among the inhabitants, that he had been lost in his passage from India; and which, from whatever cause it arose, was credited by his friends, and by them esteemed an event of the utmost certainty.

And now the persecuting hand, which effected the ruin of Melville's family, bore hard on the good old Oswald. By the interest of Lord Ernolf the tyrant of this little spot, with the trustees of the charity, he was declared incapable of longer exercising the office of tutor; and consequently, removed from his employment. With a few pounds, the savings of his youthful industry, he took a small farm; but his little wealth was found insufficient to stock it in the manner it required, and he solicited the friendship of a neighbour to enable him to purchase the necessary articles who readily advanced him 200l. on bond security. By many severe losses, and a variety of misfortunes, which neither the eye of caution could foresee, nor the hand of care prevent, his friend became insolvent, and the bond of Oswald was assigned to his merciless landlord, the unfeeling Ernolf. This unlucky incident involved the venerable Oswald in much difficulty; his lordship pressed him to discharge the bond—or, as the means of cancelling it, yield the possession of his lovely daughter, the beautiful Eliza. No alternative remained; either he must end his days in prison, or barter the innocence of his child for a few months freedom. The latter he rejected with scorn, and resolved to embrace the former.

On this topic was the good old Oswald, conversing with Blandford, the valet of lord Ernolf, in a meadow before his cottage; when a sailor, who was resting himself on the grass, earnestly listened to their discourse.

"Are these the only terms his lordship has to offer?" asked Oswald.

"No other," replied the valet, "will my lord agree to. I am sorry you persist in rejecting them, since the consequence can but prove fatal to yourself."

[To be concluded in our next.]

CONSCIENCE.

*Even you yourself, to your own breast, shall tell
Your crimes; and your own Conscience be your HELL.*

A Jeweller, a man of a good character, and considerable wealth, having occasion in the way of his business to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The matter having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watching his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot: then rifled him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his sudden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and a judge; till one day as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Mean while he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind, his colour changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon this confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—A D—E.

HOW charming is that beauty where we find
Stamp'd on the face the picture of the mind;
Such there, fair charmer, on thy face express,
We see each beauty glowing in thy breast;
Each speaking feature to our view sets forth
Some mental beauty, some internal worth.
'Tis but to look, and straight good sense we know,
Here sweetness smiles, there modest blushes glow;
Others their foibles studious how to hide,
Cheat the fond gazer by a fair outside:
With pleasing looks thus ELIZA may deceive
The smiles and we too hastily believe,
So Maria's aspect seems to speak her wise,
Our ears correct the errors of our eyes.

Dec. 15.

ERMENIENSIS.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AN ACROSTIC.

PERPETUAL peace dwell upon thy mind,
O Pomp, while at sweet Kitty's feet reclin'd;
My heart with envy is replete to see
Propitious heaven heaping joys on thee.

Were I to tune my lyre to sing thy praise,
Exalted high must be my feeble lays,
And yet no beauty can be seen in thee,
Vain dog! thy mistress shews partiality;
Except for her thy worth would ne'er be known,
Remember then the praise is not thy own.

Dec. 14.

B.

P R I D E.

Be deaf, O man, to the insinuations of Pride. It is the poisonous weed of the heart, that suffers not a flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it.
Boast not of the antiquity of thy line; for to thy mortification, be it known, that the FAMILY of the HOGS were created before thee.

WHAT can the wisest boast? alas, how little!
Then, Pride, be sparing of thy saucy spittle;
Nay, do not squirt it in the humblest face:
The wheel of Fortune is for ever turning;
Joy's birth-day suit may soon be chang'd to mourning;
Nimrods become the victims of the chase.

Yes, Pride, I hate thee—canker of our nature!
Why look contemptuous on a fellow creature,
Because it is a monkey or a pig?
They too have qualities, or I'm mistaken:
What man excels a hog in making bacon?
What mortals like a monkey dance a jig?

What man from bough to bough, like Jacko springs
Ingenious rogue! that twists his tail and springs!

Dare we despise, because they cannot preach
Forsooth, ungifted with the powers of speech?

That were a joke indeed to make a song:
Ah, me! what numbers of the human race
Most fortunately had escap'd disgrace,
Had Heaven forgot to give the mouth a tongue!

In vain I preach—Pride laughs at all I say;
Resolv'd, the fool, to keep her distant way.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLOTTE CORDIE.

GOING to execution, she excited, in this very interesting situation a very strong and singular passion in a young man of the name of Adam Lanu, a commissary from Mayence. He accidentally crossed the street she was passing in her way to the execution, and became instantly enamored, not of her only, but, what was more extraordinary, of the Guillotine. He published, a few days after, a pamphlet, in which he proposed raising a statue to her honour, and inscribing on the pedestal, "Greater than Brutus," and invoke her shade, wandering through Elysium, with those glorious personages who had devoted themselves for their country. He was sent to the prison of the force, where a friend of mine often saw him, and where he talked of nothing to him but of Charlotte Cordie, and the Guillotine; which since she had perished, appeared to him transformed into an altar, on which he would consider it as a privilege to be sacrificed, and was only solicitous to receive the stroke of death from the identical instrument by which she had suffered. A few weeks after his imprisonment, he was executed as a counter-revolutionist.

EPITAPH ON A DOCTOR MONSEY.

[The Dead Man Speaking.]

HERE lie my old limbs—my vexations now
For I've liv'd much too long for myself and my friends,
As for church yards, and grounds which the parson call HOLY,
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft and founded on folly.
In short, I despise them, and as for my soul,
Which may mount the last day with my bones from this hole,
I think in reality it hath nothing to fear,
From the God of mankind, whom I truly revere.
What the next world may be, I'll not trouble my pate,
If not better than this, I beseech thee, oh, fate!
When the bodies of millions fly up in a riot,
To let the old carcase of MONSEY lie quiet.

AN ADJUDGED CASE.

FROM JONES'S LAW OF BAILMENTS.

A Man who had a disorder in his eyes, called on a farrier for a remedy; and he applied to them a medicine commonly used for his patients: The man lost his sight, and brought an action for damages, but the judge said, "No action lies, for, if the complainant had not been an Ass, he would never have employed a farrier."

Q U E R Y.

WHAT makes all doctrines PLAIN and CLEAR?
ANSWER.
About TWO HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again—TWO HUNDRED MORE.

M A X I M.

IT is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

SATURDAY, December 19, 1795.

By the Ship Bristol arrived at Philadelphia.

From the London Gazette, of October 31, 1795.

"Downing-street, 23d Oct. 1795.
"THE ratifications of the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between his Majesty and the United States of America, signed the 19th of November last, were this day exchanged with Lord Grenville, his Majesty's principle secretary of state for foreign affairs, with William Allen Deas, Esq. Charge d'Affairs from the United States."

During the insurrection in Paris, the insurgents had got possession of the National Treasury. But the Commissioners had taken their measures so well, that the rebels could find neither the treasure nor keys. They persisted in their resolution to die at their post rather than discover either. During this embarrassment a company of merchants offered the Convention what ready money might be wanted, and credit besides for about 12 millions.

Extract of a letter, dated Hamburgh, Sept. 26, to a respectable gentleman in this city.

"There is an embargo on all ships in Holland, and how long it will continue is not known—likewise the French have crossed the Rhine, and have advanced some distance into Germany—On their crossing the Rhine, the Austrian army engaged them, and though much superior in numbers, they lost in the field from 8 to 10 thousand men, and 4 thousand made prisoners to the French. Since which they do not appear to have any disposition for a second engagement, but go before the French as they make their different movements. The Republican army is supposed to be about 70,000 men now on this side the Rhine."

The French Brest fleet of six sail, have taken the British ship Censor, of 74 guns, and about 40 sail of the Mediterranean fleet, worth 800,000l. sterling.

COLOGNE, October 7.

Last night arrived a courier from the headquarters of the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, with intelligence of the Republicans having been attacked on the 5th inst. at three o'clock in the morning, by the Austrians, who at first made a considerable impression on the enemy, and pursued their advantage with the greatest rigour and effect.

Three times were the Republican troops foiled in their attempts to repel the attack; but Republican troops, whose ardour in their country's cause is not to be suppressed, returned to the charge, attacked the Austrians with their usual enthusiasm and obliged them to pay dear for their temerity.

This victory puts the Republicans in possession of the heights which command Cassel, and likewise of two villages contiguous to the garrison, which they reduced to ashes. The battle continued, without interruption for two days successively, and the slaughter on both sides was immense.

LONDON, October 28.

The King left Buckingham-house, and was violently hissed, and hooted, and groaned at, with incessant cries, NO PITT, NO WAR, GIVE US PEACE, GIVE US BREAD, the whole way; but no violence was offered till he arrived opposite the Ordnance-Office when a bullet broke one of the windows.

When his Majesty entered the house of Peers, the first word he uttered, were these, to the Lord Chancellor,

MY LORD, I HAVE BEEN SHOT AT."

Three or four persons were apprehended on suspicion of having thrown stones at the King, and one of them charged with calling out "NO KING," and other such expressions. Lord Westmoreland who rode in the carriage with the King, said, that his Majesty, and those that had accompanied him, were of opinion, that the glass of his coach had been broken by a ball from an air gun, which was shot from the bow window of a house adjoining the Ordnance-Office, with a view to assassinate him. This statement was corroborated and supported by Lord Onslow, who, as one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber, had also accompanied his Majesty.

We are concerned to add to this detail, that when his Majesty was proceeding to Buckingham-house to dinner, and had entered his private coach for that purpose, without guards, the mob beset the carriage in such a way as to obstruct its progress, loading the King with fresh insults. A party of the military, however, riding up in full speed, relieved the evident anxiety of not only the immediate attendants on his Majesty, but the numerous body of more orderly spectators, who witnessed the insult.

London, Oct. 13.

Extract of a letter from Algiers, Sept. 24.
"Peace with America was announced here on the 8th inst. and on the following day the English Consul had notice to depart within the month, which will of course be followed by a declaration of war. An English privateer, that happened to be within the Bay, has been made a prize of, and the crew made slaves."

GLOUCESTER, Nov. 2.

Extract of a letter from London, 1st inst.

"A mail arrived yesterday from Hamburg, but it has been due ever since the 19th of this month, and could of course bring us no account of the late victory, which, it is said, the Austrians have gained in Germany. It is however to day confidently reported, that the young Prince of Orange is arrived in the Black Joke lugger, with a detail of this engagement, in which the French are reported to have had from 20 to 30,000 men killed and taken prisoners. We are anxiously waiting the arrival of the mails still due, which we hope will confirm in some measure this news."

APPOINTMENTS BY AUTHORITY.

Timothy Pickering, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of State, vice Edmund Randolph, resigned.
Charles Lee, of Virginia, Attorney-General of the United States, vice William Bradford, deceased.

In a flaw of wind yesterday, a ferry boat from Long Island, with three men and seven oxen on board, was unfortunately overset, the oxen being tied, the boat immediately sunk, and they, with one man perished. The other two men were taken up by a boat, from a schooner lying in the stream.

For Sale, at this Office, (Price 2s.)

Dr. LINN'S

S E R M O N :

Delivered the 26th of November, 1795.

Being a day of

Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Wednesday, the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. THOMAS WARREN, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH GILMORE, lately from England.

On Saturday, the 5th inst. at Rockaway, by the Rev. Thomas L. Moore, Mr. WILLIAM WIGGINS, of Little-Britain, (Orange County) to Miss PHOEBE HEWLETT,—and,

Same day, at Rockaway, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. SAMUEL DE MOTTE, of Hempstead South, to Miss POLLY HEWLETT—both daughters of Mr. William Hewlett, of Rockaway.

On Friday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. THOMAS J. WALDRON, to Miss AMELIA WHEELER, both of Cold Spring, L. I.

On Saturday last, at Cow-Neck, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. JAMES HEGEMAN, to Miss CATHERINE ONDERDONK, both of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JOHN STILWELL, to Miss ANN CUMMING, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. ANTHONY STEENBECK, to Mrs. SALLY SNYDER, both of this city.

Books and Stationary.

JOHN HARRISON,

Has just received, by the last vessels from Europe in addition to his

At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

A very valuable Collection of

Books, Stationary, &c.

Also—a variety of very elegant

Christmas Pieces,

Holiday and New-Year Presents, &c.

He has also just published and for sale

DODRIDGE'S

Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;

A Book too well esteemed to need Eulogium.

Almanacks for 1796,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

From London, the back shop, No. 59, Maiden-lane, TAKES this method to inform her friends

and the public that she has received in some of the latest vessels from London, Dress and half dress caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fashes, and a variety of ribbons, black lustring and satin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove springs, sandals, pattens, &c.

New-York, Dec. 19, 1795.

90 tf.

TWO APPRENTICES wanted to the Coopers trade—Enquire of John Post, Water-street, near Peck-slip. Dec. 19. 90 tf

AN APPRENTICE to the Printing Business of 15 or 16 years of age, is wanted immediately by John Oram, Liberty-street, the fourth house from William-street. Dec. 19. 90

Court of Apollo.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Written as nearly in imitation of the original as possible.

RISE Patriot sons the morn appears,
The dawn of glory gilds the world,
Gainst us, dark kings the source of tears,
Their bloody standards have unfurl'd.
Hark, shepherds, how the demons roar,
The shouts of ghastly slaves arise;
They come like fiends before your eyes,
To quaff your wives' and infants' gore.

CHORUS.

To arms my country, form your matchless bands,
March, march, that despot's blood may drench
your native lands.

What mean those slaves that throng our plains,
Those kings combin'd of sanguine cast?
For whom are those infernal chains,
Prepar'd for man to ages past?
On us brave Gauls what tempests lour,
What tripple wrath should Patriots feel!
To ancient glooms and clanking steel,
They'd chain the victims of their pow'r.

To arms, &c.

Good Heav'n! and would a foreign band
Ordain for us domestic laws?
Would menial foes with stern command
Abase our heros and our cause!
Great God! must we with fetter'd arms
Beneath the yoke of tyrants bend!
Would their dark fets prove our end,
And fate decrees such dread alarms.

To arms, &c.

No! tremble dastards with dismay,
The curst reproach of all mankind;
Your impious deeds that flunn'd the day,
Shall feel our utmost wrath combin'd:
Our sons are heroes, miscreants yield!
And should those patriot sons expire,
From earth shall spring a race more dire
Prepar'd to crush you in the field.

To arms, &c.

Intrepid Gauls, let wrath inspire,
Let vengeance flame withhold your rage,
Ah! spare those victims of your ire,
Whose hands reluctant conflicts wage:
But smite those sanguinary kings,
And Bouille's dark detested brood,
Those fiends that drink their mothers' blood—
Those monsters with venom'd stings.

To arms, &c.

The sacred patriotic flame,
Be thou th' intrepid patriot's shield:
Oh, virtuous Liberty, proclaim
Thy armies victors in the field,
Where thy triumphant standard flies
May bright plum'd victory repose,
May thy relentless dying foes,
Behold thy infants glories rise.

To arms, &c.

A TEACHER,

THAT is capable of teaching the English
Language Gramatically, is well versed in
Arithmetic, &c. a single man, and can bring
good recommendations, will hear of an eligible
situation. Enquire of the Printer.

The Moralist.

COMPANY.

BE very circumspect in the choice of your com-
pany; in the society of your equals you may
enjoy pleasure; in the society of your superiors,
you may find profit; but to be the best in com-
pany, is to be the way of growing worse; the
best means to improve, is, to be the least there.
But above all, be the companion of those who
fear the Lord and keep his precepts.

Numa Pompilius thought the company of good
men to real a pleasure, that he esteemed it prefer-
able to a diadem. And when the Roman ambas-
sadors solicited him to accept of the government,
he frankly declared, among other reasons for
declining it, the conversation of men, who assem-
ble together to worship God, and to maintain an
amiable charity, was his business and delight.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloss Hobart Esq.
one of the Justices of the Supreme court of
Judicature of the State. Notice is hereby given
to all the creditors of Eliphalet Seaman, of the
city of New-York, insolvent debtor, that they
show cause, if any they have, before the said
John Sloss Hobart, Esquire, at his chambers in
the City Hall of the city of New-York, on the
fourth Tuesday of January next, at 11 o'clock in
the forenoon of the same day, why an assignment
of the estate of the said Eliphalet Seaman should
not be made, and the said Eliphalet Seaman dis-
charged. According to the directions of an Act
of the Legislature of the State of New-York;
entitled, "An Act for giving relief in cases of
Insolvency." Passed the 21st day of March, 1788.
Dated 11th day of Dec. 1795. 89 6w

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning
creditors. New-York, Dec. 12, 1795.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOODSTORE from
No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MAT-
DEN-LANE, being the third house from the south
west corner of William-street, where he hopes for
a continuance of the favors of his friends, which
it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

N. B. Said Walker having a part of his goods
removed from his store the time of the late fire,
and not knowing where deposited, will gratefully
acknowledge any information that will tend to
restore him his property. Dec. 5. 88 tf

Abel Holbrook & George F. Dominick,

Opposite the new Methodist Church,
HAVING commenced the Comb Making Busi-
ness under the firm of Holbrook & Dominick,
solicit the patronage of their Friends and the
Public in general in the above line. They man-
ufacture all kinds of Horn, Ivory and Tortoise
Shell Combs, on the lowest terms, and of the best
quality. All orders from country and city exe-
cuted with punctuality and dispatch. Two good
sober journeymen wanted in the Ivory line.
Cash given for Ox and Cow Horns, Ivory and
Tortoise Shell.

August 25, 1795.

81--3m.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.

Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street.

85tf.

WHEREAS James Dickson and Elizabeth
his wife, have lately died intestate, leav-
ing certain personal estate in the hands of the
subscriber: Notice is hereby given to any per-
son or persons who were related to the said James
Dickson, to call on the said subscriber and re-
ceive the same according to law. Apply to
JOHN M'BRIDE, George-street, New-York,
or to the subscriber. HAZLETON WALCH,
N. York, Nov. 28. living at Saratoga,
State of New-York.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this
City, and particularly her friends, that she
has removed to No 29 Vanderwater-street, near
the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thank-
fully receive any commands in the line of her bu-
siness, and flatters herself that she will merit the
future custom and approbation of her employers.
Nov. 14, 1795. 85--tf.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and
the public that she continues to carry on the
STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINAR-
Y BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-
street, where she hopes for the continuance of
those favors which it will be her constant en-
deavors to deserve.

Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Peck-slip.

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends
for their past favors, and hopes for a con-
tinuance. He likewise informs the public that
he carries on the above business in the neatest
and most fashionable manner, and upon the most
reasonable terms.—N. B. Gentlemen who wish
to be furnished with articles in his line will
please to give notice and they will be served.
Also, a fine assortment of very handsome Vest
Shapes and Clouded Casimires on hand, suit-
able to the season.

Aug. 8.

78 tf

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largest assortment of White Chapel
Needles, ever offered for sale in this city,
some of which is a very extra good quality, for
sale by. JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171,
Water-street, near Fly Market. Also,
1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin
Plate; 1500 weight Sheet Copper; 6 ton of
Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet
iron, 1000 pair of skates. With other Articles in
the Hardware line, &c. &c. 87 tf

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and
the public, that he continues to carry on the
UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BU-
SINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Ve-
sey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of
their favors, which by a strict attention to busi-
ness he will endeavor to deserve. One or two
youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Ap-
prentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

FEVER and AGUE.

ANY person having the Fever and Ague may
have it cured effectually in a few hours;
should the person not perform the cure no pay-
ment will be asked. Enquire at No. 64, Vesey-
street, near the Bear Market.

Sept. 19.

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F I G B L U E,

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street.

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The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1795.

NUM. 391.

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip Ten Shillings per Annum

THE ORPHAN:

OR, THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

A MORAL TALE.

[Concluded.]

"CAN wealth," said the weeping father, "soften the corroding pangs of guilt, or lull to rest the heavenly monitor? Because I am poor, must I also be a villain? No, Sir! no; go, tell your proud, unfeeling lord, that prisons, chains, and bondage, have less terror in their aspect, will bring less misery with them, than the compliance with his base desires, and all his wealth to boot, would ever produce. It shall never be said," added he, "that Oswald purchased his liberty, at the expence of his daughter's virtue."

"Well said, messinate!" exclaimed the sailor, rising from his seat, and clapping Oswald on the shoulder; "nor shall such exemplary conduct lack its reward, while Fortune favours me with her smiles!"

"And who are you," asked the valet, with a contemptuous sneer, "that so largely boasts of Fortune's favours, and appears so liberal of her smiles?"

"A poor simple fellow, Sir," replied the tar: "one who inherits all the weakness of human nature; and, perhaps, some of its vices too; yet, who never saw virtue in distress, but, when able, yielded it relief."

"By your appearance, however," said the valet, "one may safely venture to judge your benevolence, even at its utmost reach, will fall short in the discharge of a debt of zool."

"Do not, Sir, hastily decide on appearances," replied the son of Neptune. "My apparel, indeed, is not of the finest texture; it is an emblem of the avocation it denotes: rough in its nature, but of more real service than the gorgeous tinsel that attracts the notice of the gaping crowd, and which often covers vices which would disgrace a beggar."

"Tis well, Sir," said the mortified Blandford; "I shall, however, put your boasted generosity, and your wealth, to the proof. Here, gentlemen, this way;" beckoning to two men who had concealed themselves behind the hedge, and who immediately advanced. "This, Sirs," he resumed, "is John Oswald; against whose person you have an attachment at the suit of my lord; you know your instructions, and will obey them."

"Stay, Sir," said the sailor; "and you, gentlemen, suspend for a moment the execution of your office.—Of you, Sir," addressing Blandford, "who have instructed the attachment of this old man's person, I would enquire the amount of the debt for which he is on the point of being dragged off to prison?"

"That question," said the valet, with increased haughtiness, "I think I may safely answer. Two hundred pounds is the whole of my lord's demand; a demand which he might have satisfied, but for his ill-timed notions of honour and virtue!"

"Hold, Sir!" interrupted the indignant Oswald; "do the utmost the law will allow, or your malice can invent, to punish my breach of a contract, to the discharge of which misfortunes have rendered me ineligible, but do not insult my feelings. It is not for myself, I fear," continued he; "but for my defenceless girl: my loss of liberty will deprive her of a protector; and we have every thing to dread from the artifice and power of such determined enemies, who will, I am persuaded, use every effort to effect their base designs on the honour of my child."

"Never fear, my heart of oak," said the honest tar; "while I can have a splinter, not his lordship, nor his whole train of myrmidons, dare offer her the least disrespect. As for the debt," continued he, "I will instantly discharge it: the Earley-Mow draws good ale; over a jug of which we will settle this business. As for you," addressing himself to the astonished valet, "thou pander of licentiousness, thou abject tool, of still more abject folly, return to thy lord; tell him his designs are frustrated; and tell him, if his courage is equal to his vice, much as I detest the custom, at the sword's point I will proclaim him a villain!" The mortified valet, returned to his master, reported his disappointment; while the benevolent tar, attended by the wandering Oswald, and sheriff's officers, walked to the ale-house, and discharged the arrest.

Oswald invited the generous stranger to his humble cottage; which, when they had reached, the apparent tar threw aside his sea-worn garments, and, to the astonishment of Oswald, stood confirmed the pupil of his former care, the brave, the generous Melville, whose successes in the East had presented him with a considerable fortune. The grateful father strained the noble soldier to his bosom, and wept for joy. A thousand questions were propounded by the venerable Oswald; but Melville, impatient to behold his fair Eliza, avoided particulars; and, after having changed his dress, which the arrival of his servant, who attended him at a distance, with his portmanteau, had enabled him to do, he set out to find her, in those walks which at the close of day she was accustomed to pursue.

On reaching a small grove, near the park of the detested Ernolf, he distinctly heard the sound of voices. He listened with palpitating heart, when the cries of distress assailed his ears.

"Unhand me, my lord," said a female voice; "or, with my cries, I will pierce the silent air, till Heaven, in pity to my sorrows, shall snatch me from thy detested embrace!"

"Nay, if you thus oppose my wishes," replied the assailant; "force must be necessary."

"Oh, my lord!" said the distracted Eliza—for it was, indeed, that beauteous maid—throwing herself upon her knees; "if ever gentle pity touched your breast, forego your cruel purpose. Oh, my father!—Oh, Melville! Melville!"

Melville at that instant rushed into the grove; and, drawing his sword, called on Ernolf to defend himself. Away presumptuous fool! away!"

said the graceless peer. "Fly from my rage, that else will spurn you to your kindred earth!"

"Your menace I despise, my lord," returned the gallant youth; "and will stake my life in defence of injured virtue."

"Curse on your interposing aid!" exclaimed the enraged Ernolf; "and, since you thus my counsel brave, my sword shall do me justice, and give to disappointed Hope her just revenge."

"Hold, my lord!" interrupted Melville. "Before we engage in mortal combat, know, the intruder whom you deprecate is Melville: the son of that injured man whom you drove from his habitation; whose dissolution you cruelly facilitated, and whose wrongs call loudly for revenge. Nor does the lovely Eliza's sufferings less urge my indignation. The oppressed Oswald, too, whom this morning I rescued from your power, with equal justice, retribution claims. Too long, my lord, and too successful, have you pursued the practice of illicit love: but Heaven, in pity to the miseries of suffering virtue, now prepares an awful punishment. Then think, my lord, how near the brink of eternity you stand! or should your better arm record you victor, let the danger of the present moment admonish your future conduct, and plead for unprotected innocence."

"I will hear no more," said the fiery Ernolf. "My sword can best retort thy arrogance; and from thy fate, let low-born miscreants, like thyself, fear to restrain the pleasures of their superiors."

The superiority of Melville's skill soon disarmed his lordship: but his manly soul, superior to revenge, refused to sacrifice the trembling culprit. "Where now, my lord," said he, "is the superiority which you boasted? The low-born miscreant triumphs over the splendid ornaments of birth and title; and did not gratitude to that valiant man, from whom your boasted greatness you derive, my father's friend and mine, plead in your behalf, with justice might I take your forfeit life. But no, my lord," continued he, returning his sword; "live, and correct your faults; copy the actions of your ancestors, and with their honours wear their virtues."

The vanquished Ernolf accepted the mercy of the conquering Melville; and with a sullen silence, turned to the path which led to his splendid mansion, oppressed with all the horrors of a guilty conscience; while the brave and virtuous soldier followed the object of his tenderest regard, who, on Ernolf's quitting her, fled towards her father's cottage. Her strength, however, failed her; and she but reached the skirts of the grove, before she was compelled to lean against a tree for support. The sight of her brave deliverer, in whose countenance she traced the features of her long-lost Melville, revived her drooping spirits; and, with bashful modesty, she flew to his extended arms. A thousand questions were exchanged on either side; and, so engaged were they in conversation, that night imperceptibly stole upon them; and even the impatient father, who was waiting their return, escaped their memory. At length the moon, emerging

Court of Apollo.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

Written as nearly in imitation of the original as possible.

RISE Patriot sons the morn appears,
The dawn of glory gilds the world,
Gainst us, dark kings the source of tears,
Their bloody standards have unfurl'd.
Hark, shepherds, how the demons roar,
The shouts of ghastly slaves arise;
They come like fiends before your eyes,
To quaff your wives' and infants' gore.

CHORUS.

To arms my country, form your matchless bands,
March, march, that despot's blood may drench
your native lands.

What mean those slaves that throng our plains,
Those kings combin'd of sanguine cast?
For whom are those infernal chains,
Prepar'd for man in ages past?
On us brave Gauls what tempests lour,
What tripple wrath should Patriots feel!
To ancient glooms and clanking steel,
They'd chain the victims of their pow'r.

To arms, &c.

Good Heav'n's! and would a foreign band
Ordain for us domestic laws?
Would menial foes with stern command
Abase our heroes and our cause!
Great God! must we with fetter'd arms
Beneath the yoke of tyrants bend!
Would their dark fiats prove our end,
And fate decrees such dread alarms.

To arms, &c.

No! tremble dastards with dismay,
The curst reproach of all mankind;
Your impious deeds that stunn'd the day,
Shall feel our utmost wrath combin'd:
Our sons are heroes, miscreants yield!
And should those patriot sons expire,
From earth shall spring a race more dire
Prepar'd to crush you in the field.

To arms, &c.

Intrepid Gauls, let wrath inspire,
Let vengeance flame withhold your rage,
Ah! spare those victims of your ire,
Whose hands reluctant conflicts wage:
But smite those sanguinary kings,
And Bouille's dark detested brood,
Those fiends that drink their mothers' blood—
Those monsters with envenom'd stings.

To arms, &c.

The sacred patriotic flame,
Be thou th' intrepid patriot's shield:
Oh, virtuous Liberty, proclaim
Thy armies victors in the field,
Where thy triumphant standard flies
May bright plum'd victory repose,
May thy relentless dying foes,
Behold thy infants glories rise.

To arms, &c.

A TEACHER,

THAT is capable of teaching the English Language Gramatically, is well versed in Arithmetic, &c. a single man, and can bring good recommendations, will hear of an eligible situation. Enquire of the Printer.

The Moralift.

COMPANY.

BE very circumspect in the choice of your company; in the society of your equals you may enjoy pleasure; in the society of your superiors, you may find profit; but to be the best in company, is to be the way of growing worse; the best means to improve, is, to be the least there. But above all, be the companion of those who fear the Lord and keep his precepts.

Numa Pompilius thought the company of good men for real a pleasure, that he esteemed it preferable to a diadem. And when the Roman ambassadors solicited him to accept of the government, he frankly declared, among other reasons for declining it, the conversation of men, who assemble together to worship God, and to maintain an amiable charity, was his business and delight.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloss Hobart Esq. one of the justices of the Supreme court of Judicature of the State. Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Eliphalet Seaman, of the city of New-York, insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said John Sloss Hobart, Esquire, at his chambers in the City Hall of the city of New-York, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the estate of the said Eliphalet Seaman should not be made, and the said Eliphalet Seaman discharged. According to the directions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New-York; entitled, "An Act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency." Passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated 11th day of Dec. 1795. 89 6w

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning creditors. New-York, Dec. 12, 1795.

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOOD STORE from No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third house from the south west corner of William-street, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

N. B. Said Walker having a part of his goods removed from his store the time of the late fire, and not knowing where deposited, will gratefully acknowledge any information that will tend to restore him his property. Dec. 5. 88 tf

Abel Holbrook & George F. Dominick,

Opposite the new Methodist Church,

HAVING commenced the Comb Making Business under the firm of Holbrook & Dominick, solicit the patronage of their Friends and the Public in general in the above line. They manufacture all kinds of Horn, Ivory and Tortoise Shell Combs, on the lowest terms, and of the best quality. All orders from country and city executed with punctuality and dispatch. Two good sober Journeymen wanted in the Ivory line. Cash given for Ox and Cow Horns, Ivory and Tortoise Shell.

August 25, 1795.

81---3m.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.

Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street.

85tf.

WHEREAS James Dickson and Elizabeth his wife, have lately died intestate, leaving certain personal estate in the hands of the subscriber: Notice is hereby given to any person or persons who were related to the said James Dickson, to call on the said subscriber and receive the same according to law. Apply to JOHN M'BRIDE, George-street, New-York, or to the subscriber. HAZLETON WALCH, N. York, Nov. 28. living at Saratoga, State of New-York.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

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Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Peck-slip,

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Aug. 8.

1 78 tf

HARDWARE STORE.

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1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. &c. 87 tf

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

FEVER and AGUE.

ANY person having the Fever and Ague may have it cured effectually in a few hours; should the person not perform the cure no payment will be asked. Enquire at No. 64, Vesey-street, near the Bear Market.

Sept. 19.

8t

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-street.